

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

VOL VII.

BELLEVILLE, APRIL 1, 1899.

NO. 13.

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Teacher of Penmanship:
M. M. M. L. Miss M. M. L.



Easter-Tide.

Oh, rare as the splendor of lilies
And sweet as the violet's breath
Comes the jubilent morning of Easter
A triumph of life over death
For fresh from the earth's quietude
Full baskets of flowers we bring
And scatter their satin soft petals
To carpet a path for our King

We have groped through the twilight of sorrow
Have tasted the March of fears
But lo! in the gray of the dawn
Breaks the hope of our long silent years
And the loved and the lost we thought perished,
Who vanished afar in the night
Will return in the beauty of spring time
To beam on our rapturous sight

Sweet Easter tide pledges their coming
Where beyond trouble and toil
As the lily uprisings in its freshness
From the warm, throbbing heart of the soil
And after all partings, reunion,
And after all wanderings, home
Oh, here is the path for our King
As up to our Easter we come

In the countless green blades of the meadow
The sheen of the daffodil's gold
In the tremulous blue on the mountains
The opaline mist on the cold
In the tinkle of brooks through the pasture
The river's strong sweep to the sea
Are the signs of the day that is dawning
In gladness to you and to me

So dawn in thy splendor of lilies
Thy fluttering violet breath
O jubilent morning of Easter
Thou triumph of life over death
For fresh from the earth's quietude
Full baskets of flowers we bring
And scatter their satin soft petals
To carpet a path for our King
MARGARET F. SANDEP



"Rejoice."

It was a beautiful Easter morning
and the church door stood ajar. "We
can hear the music if we sit there, and
maybe some of the sermon, too." It
was Katie that said this with a glance
at shabby Tommy at her side and then
at her own poor dress that had gotten
far past her skill in mending and had
holes and rents in many places.
"I'm so tired, Katie," said Tommy
again.

"Never mind, dear, lay your head in
my lap awhile," said Katie, tenderly
drawing him near and smothering a
little cry that almost escaped her. "I
wish he would talk to the children as
the minister used to when mother took
us to church."

But Tommy's eyelids dropped, the
long lashes lay upon his cheeks, and he
cared nothing at all for the sermon, or
the music, or the beautiful sunshine or
even for dear Katie herself, for Tommy
was fast asleep.

She was only two years older than
Tommy; but now that their sweet
mother was gone, Katie felt that she
must take her place. With never a
thought for her own forlorn little life,
but a heart full of pity for Tommy, she
called him "dear" and "darling" as his
mother had, kissed his bumps and
bruises, and even tried to prove watchful
and comforting.

"My text to-day counts of just our
word," the minister began. "It is
found all through the Bible and this
reason gives us more reason than any
other for obeying the command,
"Rejoice!"

"I wonder what rejoice means,"
mused Katie; but the minister was
speaking again:

"Do the children know what rejoice
means? They ought to, for they do
more rejoicing than grown people."

"Oh, he is going to talk to us," thought
the heart-hungry child on the door-step.
"And now," continued the good man,
"I will explain it in words that I am
sure you all can understand. Rejoice
means, be glad, and you all know what
gladness is."

"Of course," responded Katie. "Tommy

and I were glad all the time when
mother was alive.

"At this season of the year above all
others we should rejoice."

"How can we?" remonstrated Katie.

"There should be and is great rejoicing
at Christmas time, the season when
Christ was born among men, but there
should be more rejoicing now, at Easter,
because he lives again and forever."

Then he told anew the wonderful story
of the resurrection and its recurrent
illustration in the coming of the spring
and its flowers. He told it in language
that his youngest listener could under-
stand. His hearer on the doorstep
eagerly grasped each word and treasure
of it in her desolate little heart.

"Death is not death!" he exclaimed,
"but rather a long sleep with a glorious
awakening. The flowers are not dead
when we miss them in the winter time,
but only sleeping, and when the spring
comes again the flowers come with it,
brightly awakening when we thought
them dead. To us who have lost dear
ones, the spring time should bring
special comfort. For as we see the
winter that has passed, so may we know
that we shall have our dear friends
back, more beautiful, lovelier far for the
separation and for having passed through
the gates of death."

He then spoke a few words about
flowers as tributes to the memory of the
dead and of their appropriateness in the
church at Easter.

Katie's face was radiant. See her
dear mother again! She was not de-
pressed by the possible years of waiting;
not appalled by her own woe journey
through those gates of death before the
glad reunion. She only thought of once
again being enfolded by a mother's arms
and feeling the shelter of a mother's love.

"I wish you would wake up so that
I could tell you about it. We ought to
have had some flowers in the church
to-day for mother. We didn't think
about it, but never mind, we can get
some for to-morrow. Oh, Tommy dear,
just think of it! Sometimes we'll see
mother again!" But Tommy still slept
unheeding.

The closing hymn wakened the little
fellow and, after hearing part of the
wonderful story, he gladly accompanied
Katie in the search for wild flowers to
place in the church at the evening
service—a tribute to the memory of
their beloved dead.

It was a long and weary way the
children went; but they were richly
rewarded and came back laden with all
they could carry of the beautiful symbols
of the resurrection. Up the church
steps they climbed, only to find that the
door was locked!

"We must take them to the minister's
house," said Katie, nothing daunted.
"He will know how to get them into
the church."

With folded hands and bowed head
the minister sat in the afternoon sun-
light. His appearance was dejected and
strangely out of place in him who had
preached "Rejoice!" in the morning.
It looked as if he who above all others
should have been cheered by the services,
had failed to be so. "Your sermon to-
day was very beautiful," his wife said
gently. "It has been a great comfort
to me."

"Thank you, my dear," said the mi-
nister stroking her hand, but his tone was
half-hearted.

The wife was silent a few minutes;
then she ventured softly:

"And yet you seem a little depressed
now, dear."

"I am," he replied, reluctantly, "not
only a little, but very much depressed."

His wife looked distressed, and he
went on: "The truth is, I want our
children. It is not enough for me to
know that in the hereafter we shall
meet. I want to feel their arms around
my neck and their warm kisses on my
cheek!"

His voice trembled and on his cheeks
were tears instead of longed-for loving

caresses. Before his wife could speak
the doorbell rang, and hastily wiping his
eyes the minister himself answered the
summons. There with their arms full
of blossoms, the loveliest that the woods
afforded, stood the two little mother-
less children looking wistfully up to
his face.

"If you please," said Katie, "we want
these flowers in the church. We heard
your sermon this morning. We couldn't
come in," with a glance at her ragged
dress, "but we sat on the steps and I
heard every word. We never could
rejoice since mother died; it has been so
lonely; but now we will. We under-
stand it better—we know she had to go
—and we shall have her again—and
we want the flowers in church, please,
in memory, I think you called it."

"My dear child!" was all the minister
could say as he held out his hand for the
flowers; but his wife caught both child-
ren in her arms, and kissed them again
and again.

"Oh, you poor darling!" she exclam-
ed. "Tell me about it." And holding
them close to her she drew forth the
pitiful story. A glance at her husband
showed that they read each other's
thoughts.

"Of course we'll keep them," said he
heartily. "If they will stay and no one
else has claims upon them."

A closer questioning showed that the
children's father had died when they
were too young to remember him and
they knew of no living relative.

"What does it all mean, Kate?" ask-
ed Tommy bewildered.

"It means, dear," remarked Katie,
thoughtfully, "that this is to be our
home and we shall have two mothers,
one in heaven for us to see again some
day and one on earth to love and take
care of us now."

"I'm so glad," sighed the tired little
fellow.

"And so am I," said the minister, and
then kissing Katie's wine little face he
added, "I believe that with such a
brave little woman in the house to make
sunshine for me, I shall practice what I
preach and always rejoice.—Carrie G.
Nottingham in Young People's Weekly.

It is Pluck That Wins.

Now, young gentlemen, let me for a
moment address you touching your
success in life and I hope the very
brevity of my remarks will increase the
chance of their making a lodgment in
your minds. Let me beg you in the
outset of your career to dismiss from
your minds all idea of succeeding by
luck. There is no more common thought
among young people than that foolish
one that by-and-by something will turn
up by which they will suddenly achieve
fame or fortune. No, young gentlemen,
things don't turn up in this world unless
somebody turns them up. Inertia is one
of the indispensable laws of matter and
things lie flat where they are until by
some intelligent spirit (for nothing but
spirit makes motion in this world) they
are endowed with activity and life. Do
not dream that some good luck is going
to happen to you and give you fortune.
Luck is an ignis fatuus. You may
follow it to your ruin, but not to success.
The great Napoleon, who believed in his
destiny, followed it until he saw his star
go down in blackest night when the Old
Guard perished around him and Waterloo
was lost. A pound of pluck is worth a
ton of luck.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur
of the occasion. That trust is vain.
Occasions cannot make spurs, young
gentlemen. If you wish to wear spurs
you must win them. If you expect to
see them you must buckle them to your
own heels before you go into the fight.
Any success you may achieve is not
worth the having unless you fight for it.
Whatever you win in life you must
conquer by your own efforts and then
it is yours—a part of yourself.—James
A. Garfield.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND
sent without delay to the parties to
whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go
by express in office close will be sent to
the office at noon and 2:45 p.m. of each
day. Packages accepted. The messenger is not
liable for post letters or parcels, or receive
mail matter at post office for delivery, for any
reason the cause is in the locked bag.

R. MATHISON,

Superintendent

BELLEVILLE, ONT.